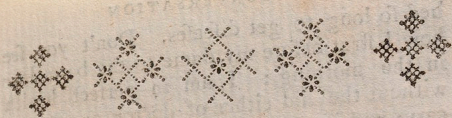


Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd,
The youths with emulation glow'd;
E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato* gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the char'oteer drew nigh,
And flush'd with hope had caught his eye,
' Alas! unhappy youth he cry'd,
' Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd)
' With indignation I survey,
' Such skill and judgment thrown away.
' The time profusely squander'd there
' On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
' If well employ'd, at less expence,
' Had taught thee Honour, Virtue, Sense,
' And rais'd thee from a Coachman's fate,
' To govern men and guide the state.



The



THE
CONVERSATION
OF
ANIMALS.



Conversation I.

THE Cock told the Farmer, that the
only reason of his calling him up three
times of a morning was this: The first,
says he, is to let you know that 'tis almost
day; the next, that it is time to get up; and
when I call again, I call you fool for lying in
bed